

Rope marks

on a maple

bent by kids

who swung there

fifty years

POEM FOR PAULA

Here is the crate
of last summer's
pomegranates
you forgot to make into jam.

Now they are dry and empty
almost weightless
covered with dust.

Nevermind love.
Nothing is lost.
Brush them off and bring them
upstairs.
The colors are soft as your hair.
There's just enough
to fill our Christmas
tree with ornaments.

— Kevin O'Neill

Los Angeles CA

KARATE

if you just stood still
in a doorway say
facing in
the asshole who'd taken
10 karate lessons
couldn't do very much

THE ECONOMY (1989)

based on weapons
squares off against
the one based on drugs
the problem being
they're the same

STATUS SYMBOLISM

COULD IT BE

many who come down with
'mental illness' are simply
more civilized than whatever
retarded area of 'civilization'
they've been condemned by chance
to live in

furriers do to animals
what the rich
do to the poor